

# Peppermints

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## Peppermints by channexmogar

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Allergic reaction, Gen, I'll finish this later

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stan Uris, Stanley Uris

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-20

**Updated:** 2017-09-20

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 15:59:00

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,805

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Stan has an allergic reaction.

## Peppermints

Stan scribbled something on the paper he was writing, scratching at his cheek. His hand shook gently, a bit more than usual, but nothing incredibly noticeable. Maybe it was anxiety, knowing the paper he was working on would be due next class and he was only halfway done with it and working through lunch, only eating the cookies Ben had made in culinary today. He heard his friends talking but it didn't seem important, plus his head was pounding for some reason, making it hard to focus on anything else than the paper on the industrial revolution sitting in front of him. He kept writing, handwriting becoming messier as his hand continued to shake.

Finally he slammed his pencil down after his handwriting got so bad it was hard for him to even read, ending his work on his essay due next class. At least he wouldn't get a zero, but his grade would really need a pick-me-up after this. His lunch table of Losers glanced up at him, falling into a slightly concerned silence besides the snort that came as Richie launched a spoonful of mashed potatoes past Stan, watching it land on the floor by their table with a rather depressing plop. He raised an eyebrow and glanced at him, watching him speak. Yes, watching, because for some reason... He couldn't hear him anymore.

It wasn't that the cafeteria was too loud; Stan was used to craning his neck to be part of the conversation due to the sheer amount of people with their own voices and own conversations in the room that were much louder than he and the Losers. Instead it was the muffledness that came with a sudden pop of his ears, but it wouldn't go away. "What?" He asked, or at least, he thought he asked. He felt really... heavy, suddenly, and his cheek kept itching. He blinked, blinked again, and then just closed his eyes. Oh no.

He slumped against whoever he had been sitting next to, Bill perhaps, leaning on his shoulder as if he'd forgotten how much he didn't like to be in physical contact with other people. Stuttering Bill Denbrough was the one to pull the typical Stanley Uris reaction, which was shoving the other person off of him with a weird look. The only thing

different was, instead of a weird, slightly agitated look, he looked... worried, and said something to him once his eyes opened, though they were still half-lidded.

Even though he had all the time in the world, and even though Bill was right next to him, he didn't have a clue what he was saying. He couldn't read lips at all, much less Bill's when he got stuck on a word, but he usually could at least hear the raised voice of someone right beside him. He tried to speak again but felt like his tongue weighed 20 pounds, instead laying on Bill once more. He... might have had an idea what was happening now, but he didn't think he could do anything. If this was what he thought it was, it felt a lot worse than it had ever before.

Eddie's the one to spring up from his seat first, a hand on Stan's forehead to which Stan himself reacted little to. It's Bill that turns him in his seat so that Eddie can actually look at him while he stays leaning back into the boy's lap. It's Richie that panics first, though the rest of the Losers aren't far behind.

"What the fuck is happening?" Richie asked rather loudly, hopping up from his seat and joining Eddie and Bill as they were gathered around the rather dazed Stanley.

Eddie removed his hand, looking up at Bill, then Richie, then Beverly and Ben, who had just stopped their conversation about whatever new bands they were into and joined the circle of worried kids. Beverly asked what was happening in a much calmer manner, her worry apparent despite the half-eaten chocolate chip cookie in her hand that Ben had made for everyone in culinary that day.

Wait.

Bill reached and grabbed one of the cookies from the plastic container they lay. There was only a few left; He remembered that Stan had taken the most, eating them instead of getting school lunch today. He brought it to his nose and sniffed.

It had been years since Stanley had experienced an allergic reaction (the last time being in fifth grade when Richie paid him two dollars to do it, the time before that being his first time in third grade), but it had never felt this bad for Stan before. He was speaking, he knew he was because he felt his mouth moving, but he felt heavy and his cheek was burning, and from the looks of it, nobody could really

understand what he was saying.

"T'b fibe, buys," He said though he wasn't sure he heard it leave his mouth.

Bill nodded and put the cookie back down. "There's.... mint in the kuh-kuh-cookies."

Eddie blinked, "Peppermint? Are you sure, this looks a lot worse than-"

"He had like six of them! Ate them like Eddie's mom eats dick!" Richie shouted, which earned him a hard shove out of the crowd forming around the dazed ginger that was sprawled out on top of Bill.

Eddie turned to Ben, "Why didn't you tell him there was peppermint in those?"

"I didn't know that was important to tell you guys!"

"What do you mean they weren't imp-"

"Stop yelli-"

"Guys, I-"

Stan might not have been able to understand everything that was said (or really anything), but he did know they were being incredibly loud and based on how much his head was pounding, he just wanted to sleep, which clearly wasn't good. He reached up with a very shaky hand and clasped it over Bill's mouth, getting at least one of them to shut up despite the fact that he wouldn't ever do this had he been in his right mind. He squinted up at one of the guys hunched over him, digging through.... something, and reached to get his attention. Maybe it was Eddie, he couldn't really tell just by looking. He opened his mouth and (despite the swollen tongue that felt like it weighed more than Mike(who didn't get to see this spectacle thanks to being homeschooled still)'s incredibly fat cat that Eddie couldn't even pick up, he managed out, "Nyurseth's bobbice."

Nyurseth's bobbice?

....Nurse's office.

Bill got up and lifted Stan up with him, despite how hard it was when the curly haired boy couldn't even keep himself standing up alone. "I'll t-take, uh, him." He said and wrapped an arm around the heap of a friend he had, walking as quick as he could out of the cafeteria. Ben called after him, saying that the nurse would be on lunch break, but by the time he got it out Bill was already out of there.

Richie, who had been trying to get a word in for a solid five minutes at this point, shoved his way back into the group rather annoyed. He grabbed Stan's essay paper and tore it in half, causing an overall reaction of 'richie, what the FUCK'. He grabbed the pencil Stanley was using and scribbled in a different handwriting. "What's Stan's class?" He asked, serious for once in his life.

"Uhh-"

"Mr. Bisema. I'm in class with him," Beverly responded, "I'm just used to taking the bathroom pass and staying there for 20 minutes."

Richie nodded, mumbling to himself that he, Eddie, and Bill were all in Ms. Slonaker right now, and then looked to Ben, "How about you?"

"Mrs. Connors," He said a bit confusedly, that feeling only growing when Richie held out the note to him.

"Take this and show all the teachers. Tell them Stan's got AIDS or something and wants us to stay with him in the nurse's office."

"AIDS isn't something we should joke about, Ri-"

"Neither is murder by means of chocolate chip cookie, now get to it!"

Ben and Bev headed out of the cafeteria, leaving Eddie and Richie alone. Eddie started to clean up the table and Richie folded up the remnants of Stan's essay, mumbling that 'Stanley wouldn't need this anymore' before pocketing it. Once there was practically no trace of Loser left at the table, the two headed out as well towards the Nurse's office.

The six of them spend an hour together in the Nurse's office while

waiting for Stan's mother to pick him up. In that time Stan had not only thrown up the cookies he ate for lunch but also the breakfast he had this morning, but also taken turns falling asleep on his other friends. Right now his head was in Richie's lap, awake but not talking, instead curled up under the kind donation of Richie's pink, Hawaiian over-shirt as means of a blanket, leaving him in his rather bare white regular tee. It wasn't that good of a blanket, that thin pink shirt, and obviously wasn't clean, but it wasn't like Stan was going to die over it. Normally he would, but the poor kid could barely focus on who was talking, much less how disgusting the shirt he was currently curled up in a ball under was.

He opened his incredibly droopy eyes and looked around at everyone once his mom arrived, offering a rather weak wave. He went to return the over-shirt but Richie held up his hand, shaking his head to tell him to keep it. Stan folded it a little shakily and held it to his chest, smiled shakily, and then he was gone.

The group returned to their classes silently, but each of them knew what the next couple days would be like for them.

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For the next two days at school, not a single loser is seen at school. They're all at the Uris house in all its glory, camping out in Stan's room and taking care of the poor kid. Mike joined them after he finished deliveries, usually bringing drinks from the small store in town when he did. They all sat, joking and telling stories (Richie told the story of the last two times Stan had had an allergic reaction and how candy canes 'know that he's Jewish') and just feeling... together. By the morning of the second day, Stan was overall pretty back to normal besides the upset stomach that wouldn't go away until the day after. Ben brought chocolate chip cookies again (this time without peppermint), and Eddie worked on rewriting his essay for him since their handwritings were relatively simple.

Stan felt safe and comfortable, and when night came, he slept peacefully. If it didn't nearly kill him, maybe he would eat peppermints more often.